

# Stairs of Sand

By Anna M. Regan

### CHAPTER 18

Sara found a letter from Lols in the mail box when she returned from her visit to the lighthouse. As Bessie was not in the hammock, she concluded she must be resting in the sitting room, and not wishing to disturb her, she entered the house by the kitchen door. A low sobbing struck her ears as soon as she opened the door, with her head bowed on her arms. Lisbeth's shoulders were shaking with sorrow.

"Why, Lisbeth!" she asked, anxiously. "What in the world is the matter?"

The sobbing grew louder. Lisbeth paid no attention to Sara's question, so she hurried around and shook her.

"Now, Lisbeth, you stop that crying this minute!" Sara added, "and tell me what is the matter with you or I will call Aunt Anne!"

"Oh, don't do that, Miss Sara," she cried. "Don't tell her—please, don't tell her. See, I'm through crying—now, see, Miss Sara?"

"Can you tell me what it's all about? Where's my Aunt, isn't she home?"

"No," Lisbeth answered. "She's gone to see a sick woman and she's going to stop at the store for some things for Bessie."

"I can't see any reason for this," Sara persisted. "Had she been from home?"

"No," she replied. "I have to go—oh, how can I leave her, oh, how!"

"Fired you?" Sara asked. "What for?" Sara asked.

"For telling the doctor about Bessie drinking the rum—I never might say anything at all, Miss Sara. Won't you intercede for me? Ask her to let me stay with her. I love it here and I love to be with her, too."

"If I do this, Auntie to forgive you and let you stay on here, you must be very careful what you tell others and how you say things, things, will you?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Sara, I'll never say a thing, she don't want me to."

"Now wash away the tears and be yourself when Auntie comes back. I have a letter from home here, that I'm in such a hurry to read."

Sara turned into the dining room and opened the precious letter "Beloved Sister."

We read your letter and how well you describe everything. Even Grandmother says she ran picture Auntie and all the old places around, by the way you tell about them. She went to school with Cy Pratt and says that he wasn't considered very bright then. Father is just about the same. He calls me Sara all the time since you left. Grandmother has certainly turned into a social butterfly. She goes out to some function or other nearly every day. She's just bought black satin for a dress. Paid about four dollars a yard for it.

I just received one thousand dollars, rent for our hunting preserve. I sent Hedda her part and deposited yours. Oh, I must tell you what's been worrying Aunt Emmy for a couple of days. Wash had refused to fetch and carry her washings anymore and she had to hire a boy to do it. Then Wash lets little Mose run wild and he's turning into a "little devil child." She says all this was in the "prenatal contract" and howsoever she's going to circumvent Wash back to it she just natchly must find out. As I told her, the whole trouble is she gives Wash too much money to spend.

My dear Sara, we all miss you so. Billy says she never missed anyone so much in his whole life.

We had a letter from Hedda and Nell yesterday. They're as happy as a pair of turtle doves.

Write very soon—Love from us all.

Sara's eyes were dripping tears as she finished the letter. Dear home people! How she missed them all. She never dreamed it would be this way with her. She expected to be so happy when she could free herself from home and family duties and get away. She decided that the only royal road to real contentment and peace of mind was to willingly take over the duties that life brought to one daily.

The door from the sitting room opened and Bessie stood in the doorway.

"May I come in?" she asked. "Or will I be in your way?—I just can't sleep all the time."

"Come right in, Bessie. I do

hope you'll feel free to go about the house as you please. I've just had a letter from home. It's made me a little homesick."

Sara was sorry she spoke about the letter when she looked at Bessie's wistful face and remembered that she had no friends to get letters from.

"Sit down by the table there, Bessie," Sara urged, "and let me bring you a glass of milk and some of the best sugar cookies you ever ate. Aunt Anne made them this morning and they are delicious."

"You are so kind to me," Bessie smiled wistfully. "You see I haven't been used to it."

While Bessie was eating the lunch, Mrs. Shattick came in quite out of breath. She had a paper in her hand which she opened at a certain page and held before Sara.

"Our country paper has a new editor and it looks as though he's making a bid for more subscribers. So he is going to hold a popularity contest in three towns, Harnis, Trumet and Topham. The girl that gets most votes wins a hundred dollars. One prize is for the most popular girl from the villages. Another one is for the most popular country girl. Isn't that some idea?"

"You seem to be interested, Auntie," said Sara.

"Yes, I am in this way. If you see it as I do, Bessie Herron, here, will be a likely one to put up for one of the village girls, going into the contest."

"But I don't know six people in this town, Mrs. Shattick. So how could I get any votes."

"I'll take over the getting of the votes," Mrs. Shattick agreed. "I'll get Cy Pratt to help, too, and there ain't many in the three towns he don't know. The thing has just a month to go."

"I was down and looked over the lighthouse this afternoon, Aunt Anne. All and her husband were a way so Mr. Pratt showed me around and explained everything to me. He told me to tell you he'd be up after tea. If you'll both excuse me, I think I'll take my case out on the lawn and work for a while."

Later in the evening Mrs. Shattick, Sara and her caller, Cyrus Pratt were seated in the sitting room before a glowing driftwood fire. Sara had sometime before,

tucked Bessie in between her cool, sweet covers and pressed a kiss on her forehead as she used to do to Lols.

"That fish chowder is good," said Cy handling his empty dish to Mrs. Shattick, "but I've just drunk tea afore I left the light, so my appetite's none too keen. You can't be beat making it, either."

"When you allow a thing is good, Cy, it most always is," Mrs. Shattick laughed.

"I dropped into Smithers' shoe store the other day and as the clerk was clearing, Cy felt like reminiscing. 'Smithers and I set down and chewed the rag a spell. Mrs. Shattick, you remember young Dilby let clerked there long back. Well, he and that Raisch girl's been planned to get married last Thursday evening.' That afternoon a drummer dropped in there and decided to get a new pair of shoes, the ones he was wearing hurt his bunions so. While Dilby was a fitting him he looked up his timetable and found he'd make Sartoria down the line for Sunday. When he makes that town he puts up with a widder that could wield a mean skillet. He was sunk deep in thinking what A-I food she'd throw at him when he got there. The drummer wore the new shoes and ordered the old ones sent to Sartoria. He told Dilby:

"If these kicks give me any trouble, I'll come back and cut your heart out."

"Can't be done," Dilby told him. "Rosie's got it. We're getting married this evening and leaving for Orphan on the Six-forty. I'm goin' in the smoker an' Rosie has a chair, so not a soul will suspect."

When the drummer got off at

his next stop his feet hurt so he had to sit down in the depot and take the new shoes off. He raged again DEE and vowed vengeance. Right off a thought struck him. He'd send a telegram to a man he knew in Orphan to meet the train DEE and his bride were to come on, get the gang together and do their damndest. The drummer saw the newly-weds get off the train at Orphan. Looking out he saw a mob awaitin'. They sure bombarded the couple with rice and old shoes. The drummer reached for his shoes as the train pulled in for the next stop. Some one had thrown them out the window after the newly-weds by mistake. The next day was Sunday. No stores open. The old shoes shipped fifty miles ahead.

"What did he do then, do you think," Sara laughed.

"The conductor had an extra pair along," answered Cy. "Now, Mrs. Shattick, young miss here said you wanted to talk to me about something. Heave ahead."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

## Annual Bazaar Of St. Francis Church Planned

The Ninth Annual Bazaar for the benefit of St. Francis Xavier's Church will be held in the Church Hall, Bay Street, opposite Third Street, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, November 6th, 6th and 7th. The bazaar this year is under the general chairmanship of Joseph MacFisher, St. He is being assisted by an enthusiastic committee. On Friday night, clam chowder will be the specialty. Arrangements are being made for the sale of refreshments, ice cream, coffee and cake, candy, groceries, hams, bacon, blankets and variety articles. Former parishioners and friends are invited to attend.

Love of God makes us advance in the way of perfection; it is a bad sign if we do not advance, for true love cannot be idle.

## Another Convert Joins the Church: An Episcopalian

New York, Oct. 16.—Rev. H. K. Pierce, formerly associate pastor of St. Mary of the Virgin Protestant Episcopal Church of New York, has joined the Catholic Church. Dr. Pierce was stationed in St. Mary's

for three years, and for a time served under the late Dr. Barry. He and St. Mary's about five years ago went to England. His conversion, he says, took place there. He is a friend of Dr. Campbell of Baitin who recently entered the Church

Whoever does what he is commanded by obedience can merit more than if he allowed himself to rapt in ecstasy.

# McCurdy's

ANNOUNCE

## A Display and Sale of Products of Blind Craftsmen

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY

### The Entire Proceeds of the Bazaar Go to

# The Ass'n for The Blind

McCurdy's is donating window display floor selling space and newspaper advertising.

## Now You Can Do Your Part

By Purchasing as Liberally as You May Come in and see these blind craftsmen at work here on the Fifth Floor. They make so many things for which you have so much use. They make better and each article is priced to your advantage.

Association members will be in charge of the bazaar. All sales will be for cash and the entire proceeds will go directly to the Association for the Blind.

MCCURDY'S—FIFTH FLOOR

# 26TH ANNIVERSARY SALE AT EDWARDS

## Save In a Big Way--Starting Friday

Now it comes... low 1931 prices coupled with the Eight Day price-slashing policy of our Anniversary Sale... and the result is truly breath-taking! Assorted and Seven floors of fashions, things for the home, wearables and gifts... prices so low your pocketbook will feel no strain. Watch Daily Papers morning and night for full News of This Great Event.



**5 pc. Mohair Living Room Group**  
Usual Price \$159.50  
**\$119.50**

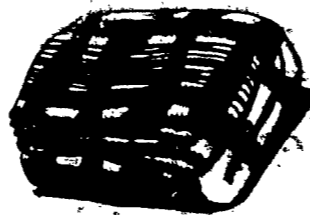
This is a winner among living room suites! It is designed for luxurious comfort. The construction is in a large variety of colors. Web construction. Hardwood frames. A beautiful suite in every way! Pieces may be purchased separately.

You May Buy on Deferred Payments—Edwards, Fifth Floor

## Anniversary

# Blanket Value

Size is 72x84



**\$2.59**

Part wool combined with long fibre white cotton makes these delightfully warm and fluffy blankets. Warm and durable. Plaids of various shades. Generous size... 72x84 inches. Bound with satin.

EDWARDS—SECOND FLOOR

# Edwards

## Anniversary Sale

# Fine Axminster Rugs

Our \$47.50 Grade

**\$38.00**

The splendid co-operation of one of the well-known rug manufacturers makes it possible for us to quote New Low Prices on the best grade of Axminster Rugs. New designs, new colorings, made for this Fall season.

Edwards—Fourth Floor

**\$2.00 Voile**

# Curtains

**\$1.50**

Crisp, ruffled voile curtains in lovely shades of green, orchid, gold and blue. Full width with added ruffle. Priscilla top. A fine buy!

Edwards, Fourth Floor



## Quaker Silver Plated Salt and Peppers

Regularly \$1.00

Attractive salt and pepper shakers that will make desirable gifts... or look well on your own table. Two patterns to choose from.

# 54c

Edwards, Street Floor

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